## KING MIDAS BY @ OPTON SINCLAIR

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER II-(Continued).

"Yes, but, Daddy," protested Helen, "those children are dirty! Uh! I saw them as I came by."

"My love," answered the other, "they are God's children none the less; and we cannot always hele such things." "But we can, Daddy, there is plenty of water in the world."

'Yes, of course; but when the mother is ill, and the father in trouble: For poor Mr. Vail has had no end of the little dalry, and three of his cows have been ill this spring.

And Helen's incorrigible mirth lighted up her face again. erled. "Is that it! I saw him struggling away at the pump as I came by; but I had no idea it was anything

Mr. Davis looked grieved; Helen, when her first burst of glee had pass-ed, noticed it had changed her mood, She put her arms around her father's neck and pressed her check against

"Daddy, dear," she said coaxingly, "haven't I done charity enough for one day? You will surfeit me at the start, and then I'll be just as little fond of it as I was before. When I must let dirty children climb all over me, I can dress for the occasion."
"My dear," pleaded Mr. Davis, "godliness is placed before cleanli-

"Yes," admitted Helen, "and of course it is right for you to inculcate
the greater virtue; but I'm only a girl,
and you musn't expect sublimity from
me. "You don't want to turn me into a president of sewing societies, like

"Helen," protested the other, help-lessly, "I wish you would not always refer to Mrs. Dale with that adjective; she is the best helper I have.

"Yes, Daddy." said Helen, with the utmost solemnity: "when I have a dreadful eagle nose like hers, perhaps ean preside over meetings, too. But I can't now.'

"I do not want you to, my love;

"And if I have to cling by the weaker virtue of cleanliness just for a litt while, Daddy, you must not mind. I'll visit all your clean parishioners for you-parishioners like Aunt Polly

And before Mr. Davis could make another remark the girl had skipped into the other room to the plane. As her father went slowly out the door the echoes of the old house were laughing with a happy melody.

## CHAPTER III.

For you alone I strive to sing. Oh, tell me how to woo!

When Helen was left alone she seated herself before her old music stand which had been brought down to welcome her, and proceeded to glance over and arrange the pieces she had learned and loved in her young girlhood. Most of them made her smile, and when she reflected upon how difficult she used to think them, she realized that now that It was over she was glad for the Gershe went away, but she had met with humbly of herself in the great home of music. She possessed a genuin fondness for the art, however, and had devoted most of her three years to It, so that she came home rejoicing in the possession of a technic that was quite a mastership compared with any that she was likely to meet

Helen's thoughts did not dwell upon that very long at present, however; she found herself thinking again about Arthur, and the unexpected ending of her walk with him

had no idea he felt that way toin her hand; "what in the world am I going to do? Men are certainly most inconvenient creatures; I thought I was doing everything in the world to

Helen turned to the music once mo but the memory of the figure she had left sunken helplessly upon the forest seat stayed in her mind, do wonder if that can be why he did not walt for me," she thought, shuddering-"If he was too wretched to see me again; what can I do?" She got up and began walking restlessly up and down the room for a few min

"Perhaps I ought to go and look for him," she mused; "it was an hour or two ago that I left him there," and Helen, after thinking the matter over, had half turned to leave when she heard a step outside and saw the door open quickly. Even before she saw itm she knew who it was, for only Arthur would have entered without ringing the bell. After having pictured him overcome by despair, it was rathentered flushed and seemingly

Well, sir, you've treated me nicely!" the exclaimed, showing her vexation in

You will forgive me," sald Arthur, "Don't be too sure of it," Helen said;

"I looked for you everywhere, and I am quite angry. I was obeying your high command,"

the other replied, still smiling, 'My command? I told you to wait

'You told me something else," laughed Arthur, "You spent all the morning instructing me for it, you know, and very much prolonged "Oh," for a sudden light was dawning upon the to a look of delight.

You have been writing me a poem!"

"Yes," said Arthur. "Oh, you dear boy!" Helen laughed, "Then I do forgive you; but you ought to have told me, for I had to walk home all alone, and I've been worry-ing about you. I never once thought of the poem." her hands and sharing the brought ried away by the image they brought

AUTHOR OF THE JUNGLE

laughed Arthur, "and one has to obey

them, you know. "Oh, oh!" exclaimed the other. "And so you've been wandering around the woods all this time, making verses! And you've been waving your arms and talking to yourself, and doing all sorts of crazy things, I know!" Then as she saw Arthur flush, she went on; "I was sure of it! And you ran away so that I wouldn't see you! Oh, I wish I'd known; I'd have hunted you up and never come home until I'd

As was usual with Helen, her me mentary vexation had gone like April cain, and all her soriousness had vanished with it. She forgot all about the last scene in the woods, and Arthur was once more the friend of her girlhood, woom she might take by the hand when she chose, and with whom she might be as free and happy as when she was alone with the flowers and the wind. It seemed as if Arthur, too, had vented all his pent up emotion, and returned to his natural cheer-"Tell me," she cried, "did you put in

all the things I told you about? "I put all I could." said Arthur.

"I only want it to be full of life," laughed Helen. "That's all I care

springtime poetry for me must be wide

"Shall I read it to you?" asked Arthur, hesitatingly.
"Yes, of course," said Helen. "And read it as if you meant it; if I like it

"I wrote it for nothing but to please

you," was the reply, and Arthur took

a much bescrawled piece of paper from his pocket; the girl seated herself upon

the piano stool again and gazed at him

as he rested his cloow upon the top of the piano and read his lines. There

which the young poet would have read

and so it was a pleasure to watch him

And Helen's eyes kindled, and her

cheeks flushed brightly as she listened.

taken their imagery from her very

In his passion-song was throbbing All the madness of the May, And he whispered: Thou hast labored; Thou art weary; come away!

Thou shall drink a flery potton For thy poisoned spirit's pain: Thou shalf taste the ancient inptur, That thy soul has sought in vain,

I will tell thee of a maiden, One who has thy longing fanned— Spirit of the Forest Music— Thou shalt take her by the hand.

Lightly by her rosy fingers
Trembling with her keen delight
And her flying steps shall lead the
Out upon the mountain's height;

To a dance undreamed of mortal

To the Bacchanal of Spring— Where in mystic joy united Nature's bright-eyed creatures sing.

There the green things of the mountain, Million-voiced, newly born, And the flowers of the valley In their beauty's crimson morn;

There the winged winds of morning, Spirits unresting, touched with fire, And the atreamlets, silver-throated: They whose leaping-steps ne'er tire!

Thou shalt see them, ever circling Round about a rocky spring. While the gaunt old forest-warriors Madly their wide branches fling.

Thou shalt tread the whiling measure. Eathe thee in its frenzied strife: Thou shalt have a mighty memory For thy spirit's after life.

Haste thee while thy heart is burning.
While thine eyes have strength to see;
Hark, behind you blackening cloud-bank,
To the Storm-King's minstrelsy!

ee, he stamps upon the mountains.
And he leaps the valleys high!
ow he smites his forest harp-strings,
And he sounds his thunder-cry:—

And so the young poet finished, his

cheeks fairly on fire, and, as he gazed down at Helen, his hand trembling so

that he could hardly hold the paper.

One glance told him that she was

pleased, for the girl's face was flushed like his own, and her eyes were spark-

ling with delight. Arthur's heart gave a great throb within him.

And trembling with girlish delight, she

took the paper from his hand and placed it in front of her on the music

"Oh. I should like to write music

for it?" she exclaimed: "for those lines

And she read them aloud, clenching her hands and shaking her head, car-

about the Storm-King!"

"You like it!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Arthur, I do!" she cried,

Waken, lift ye up, ye creatures, Sing the song, each living thing! Join ye in the mighty passion Of the Symphony of Spring!

And He Came Toward Her Again, Stretching Out His Arms to Her.

about; the man who wants to write the trees and it files over the val-

levs-that was what you were think-

And Helen stopped, breathlessly, and gazed at him; her cheeks were

flushed and her hands still tightly

"Yes," said Arthur, half mechanic-

ally for he had lost himself in the

girl's enthusiasm, and felt the storm

one time that was so glerious," Helen went on. "For the rain was almost blinding, and I was drenched, but I

did not even know it. For ch, the

thunder! Arthur, you've no idea what

thunder is like tils you're near it

me, a great white, living thing, as thick as a man's body, and the crash

of it seemed to split the air. But oh, I didn't mind it a bit! 'Der Saenger

triumphirt in Wettern!' I think I was a real Valkyrie that time, and

I only wished that I might put it

half in play struck a great rumbling chord, that rolled and ecnoed through

the room. She sounded it once more,

laughing aloud with glee. Arthur had

sunk down upon a chair beside her,

and was bending forward, watching

her with glowing interest. For again

and again Helen struck the keys with all the power of her arms, until they

seemed to give forth real storm and

thunder; and as she went on with her

and she lost herself in the vision of

the Storm King sweeping through the

sky. She poured out a great stream

of this wild music, singing away to

herself excitedly in the meantime. And

as the rush continued and the flerce

took hold of the girl and carried her

the very demon of the storm, unbound

and reckless; she smote the keys with

right royal strength, and the plano

seemed a thing of life beneath her

touch. The pace became faster, and

the thunder rattled and crashed more

wildly, and there awoke in the girl's soul a power of musical utterance

that she had never dreamed of in her

swept away in ecstasy; her lips were

moving excitedly, and her pulses were

longer to know of the young man be-

by the sight of her exulting power.

eaping like mad. She seemed no

side her, who was bent forward with elenched fists, carried beyond himself

And in the meantime, Helen's music

was surging on, building itself up into

a great climax that swelled and soar-

ed and burst in a deafening thunder crash; and while the air was still

throbbing and echoing with it, the

suddenly conscious of new power;

girl joined to it her deep voice, grown

See, he stamps upon the monatains, And he leaps the valleys high! Now he smites his forest harp-strings, And he sounds his thunder-rry!

And as the cry came the girl laugh-

ed aloud, like a very Valkyrle indeed, her laugh part of the music, and car-

ried on by it; and then gradually as

the tempest swept on, the rolling thun-

der was lost in a march that was the very tread of the Storm King. And

the march broadened, and the thunder

died out of it slowly, and all the wild

confusion, and then it rose, glorious

and triumphant, and turned to a

mighty pean, a mightier one than ever Helen could have made. The thought

Helen could have made, the less an inspira-of it had come to her as an inspira-tion, and as a refuge, that the glory tion, and as a refuge, that the glory

life before. Her whole being

beyond herself. She seemed to become

music swelled louder, the phantasy

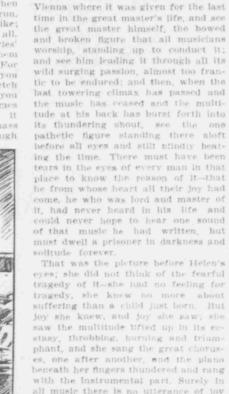
reckless play the mood grew upon her

The girl turned to the plane, and

ing of, weren't you, Arthur.

before her eyes. "Oh, I should like nusic for it" she cried again.

"I don't know very much about poetry, you know," she added, laughing excitedly. "If it's about the things I like, I can't help thinking it's fin-It's just the same with music-if a man only makes it sweet and strong. so that it leaps and files and never tires, that is all I care about; and if he just keeps his trombones till the very last he can carry me off my feet, though he makes the worst noise that ever was! It's the same as a storm, you know, Arthur, do you remember how we used to go up on our coming, and when everything was growing still and black; and how we used to watch the big clouds and the we heard the thunder? Once, when for I wanted to see what it was like; and I stayed up there and saw it all. singing the 'Ride of the Valkyries' and pretending I was one of them and could gallop with the wind. For the wind is fine, Arthur! It fills you so full of its power that you stretch out your arms to it, and it makes you sing; and it comes, and it comes again, stronger than ever, and it of music. And then it howls through



And so the torrent of passionate exultation swept Helen onward with it until the very end, the last frantic prestissimo chorus, and then she sprang to her feet and flung up her hands with a cry. She stood thus for a moment, glowing with exultation. and then she sank down again and sat

march had led her to it, and now it had taken her in its arms and swept her away, as it had swept millions by its majesty. It was the great Ninth . eyes were dry.

Hail thee, Joy! From Heaven descending, Daughter from Elysium! Ecstasy our hearts enflanding. To thy sacred shrine we come. Thine enchantments hind together Those whom custom's law divides; All are brothers, all united, Where thy gentle wing abides.

And Helen sang it as one possessed by it, as one made drunk with its glory-as the very Godcess of Joy that she was. For the Storm King and his legions had fled, and another vision had come into her heart, a vision that every one ought to carry with him when the great symphony is to be heard. He should see the hall in Vienna where it was given for the last time in the great master's life, and see the great master himself, the bowed and broken figure that all musicians worship, standing up to conduct it; and see him leading it through all its wild surging passion, almost too franlast towering climax has passed and the music has ceased and the multiits thundering shout, see the one pathetic figure standing there aloft ing the time. There must have been tears in the eyes of every man in that place to know the reason of it-that he from whose heart all their joy had come, he who was lord and master of it, had never heard in his life and

That was the picture before Helen's eyes; she did not think of the fearful tragedy of it-she had no feeling for tragedy, she knew no more about suffering than a child just born. But joy she knew, and joy she saw; she saw the multitude tifted up in its ecstasy, throbbing, burning and triumphant, and she sang the great choruses, one after another, and the plane slon; you will drive me mad! with the instrumental part. Surely in all music there is no utterance of joy its intensity as this; it is a frenzy almost more than man can stand; it is

The other gazed up at her with a look of such helpless despair and longing upon his face that Helen was frightened still more. He had been sobbing as if his heart would break, but his

What is the matter?" she cried. The young man answered her hoarsely. "Can you not see what is the matter, Helen? I love you! And you

The girl turned very pale, and lowered her eyes before his burning gaze. "Helen," the other went on impetuously, "you will break my heart if you treat me in this way. Do you not know that for three long years I have been dreaming of you, and of the promise that you gave me? You told me that you loved me, and that you always would love me! You told me that the night before you went away; and you kissed me. All this time I have been thinking of that kiss, and cherishing the memory of it, and waiting for you to return. I have labored for no other reason, I have had no other hope in the world; I have kept your Image before me, and lived in it, and worshiped before it, and the thought of you has been all that I had, When I was tired and worn and ill I could only think of you and remember your promise, and count the days before your return. And, oh, it has been so long that I could not stand it! For weeks I have been so impatient, and so filled with the thought of the day when I might see you again mad; for I thought that I should take your hand in mine and claim your promise. And this morning I wandered about the woods for bours, walting for you to come. And see how you

He buried his face in his bands again, and Helen stood gazing at him, breathing very fast with alarm, and unable to find a word to say.

"Helen," he grouned, without look ing up again, "do you not know that you are beautiful? Have you no heart? You fling your soul hare before me, and you fill me with this fearful pas-"But, Arthur," she protested. "I could not think of you so; I thought

of you as my brother, and I meant to make you happy. "Tell me, then," he gasped, staring at her, "tell me once for all. You do

The girl answered with a frank gaze that was cruel, "No. Arthur."
"And you can never love me? You

take back the promise that you made

"I told you that I was only a child. Arthur; it has been a long time since I have thought of it."

The young man choked back a sobcruel words those are," he groaned.



Gazed at Him as He Rested His Elbows Upon the Top of the Piano and Read His Lines.

soul, and the shouting multitude still

surging before her. For just how long that lasted she knew not, but only that her wild mood was gradually subsiding, and that she felt herself sinking back, as a bird sinks after its flight; then sudde she turned. Arthur was at her side, and she gave a cry, for he had selzed her hand in his, and was covering it

with burning kisses. "Arthur! Arthur!" she gasped, The young man gazed up at her, and forest, and realized what she had done. She had shaken him to the depths of his being by the emotion which she had flung loose before hir and he seemed beside himself at that forehead hot and flushed. He made arms, and Helen tore her hand loose by main force and sprang back to the

"Arthur!" she cried, "What do you

and stood staring at her. For fully a minute they remained thus, Helen trembling with alarm; then his head sank, and he flung himself down upon the sofa, where he lay sobbing pas-sionately. Helen remained gazing at him with wide open and astonished

'Arthur!" she exclaimed again But he did not hear her, for the cruel sobbing that shook his frame. Helen, as soon as her first alarm had passed, came softly nearer, till she stood by the sofa; but still he did not heed her, and she did not dare even put her hand upon his shoulder. She was afraid of him, her dearest d she knew not what to

"Arthur," she whispered again, when he was silent for a moment, "Please speak to me, Arthur,"

echoing through every fiber of her eyes, so that the girl lowered hers what am I to do?"

'Can we not remain friends, just as we used to be " she asked pleadingly "Can we not talk together and help each other as before? Oh, Arthur, I thought you would come here to live all summer, and how I should like it! Why can you not? Can you not let me play for you without-without-Helen stopped and flushed a trifle; ' do not know quite what to make of

She was speaking kindly, but to the man beside her with his burning heart. her words were hard to hear; he stared at her, shuddering, and then suddenly he clenched his hands and started to his feet.

thing. I must go!"
"Go?" echoed Helen.

"If I stay here and gaze at you I shall go mad with despair," he exclaimed inconerently. "Oh, I shall go mad! For I do love you, and you talk to me as if I were a child! Helen, I must get this out of my heart in some way, I cannot stay here.

"But, Arthur," the girl protested, "I teld father you would stay, and you will make yourself ill, for you have walked all day."

Every word she uttered was more torment to the other, for it showed im how much his hopes were gone to wreck. He rushed across the room and opened the door; then, however, he paused, as if that had cost him all his resolution. He gazed at the girl with look of unspeakable yearning, face white and his limbs trembling "You wish me to go, Helen?" he ex-

'Wish you!" exclaimed Helen, who watching him in alarm, course not; I want you to stay and see father, and--"

"And hear you tell me that you do not love me! Oh, Helen, how can you

say it again? Can you not see what you have done to me?

"Yes, what you have done to me You have made me so that I dare not stay near you. You must love me, Helen, oh, some time you must!" And he came toward her again, stretching it his arms to her. As she sprang back, frowning, he stopped and stood for an instant, half sinking; then he whirled about and darted out of the

Helen was searcely able to realize at first that he was gone, but when she looked out she saw that he was already far down the street, walking calling him; but she checked hersel after which she walked slowly across the room. In the center of it she stormed stiff, gazing in front of her thoughtfully, and looking very grave indeed, "That is dreadful," she said thing. What in the world am I to do?

two windows of the room, and Helen went toward it and stood in front of it, gazing earnestly at herself. "Is it true, then, that I am so very besutiful?" she mused, "And even Arthur resst fall in love with me!"

Helen's face was still flushed with the glory of her ride with the Storm-King, she smoothed back the long strands of golden hair that had come loose, and then she looked at herself again. "It is dreadful," she said once more, half aloud, "I do not think I ever felt so nervous in my lire, and I don't to please him seemed only to make him more miserable. I wanted him to be happy with me: I wanted him to stay with me." And she walked away frowning and seated herself at the plane and began previshly striking at the keys. "I am going to write him and tell him that he must get over a while, "and come back and be friends with me. Oakdale will be too stupld without him all summer and I should be miserable."

She was just rising impatiently when the front door opened and her father came, in, exclaiming in a cheery voice; "Well, children!" Then he stopped in surprise. "Why some one told me Arthur was here!" he exclaimed. He's gone again," said Helen in a

dissatisfied tone "Home," exclaimed the other. "To

But I thought he was going to stay

"So did I," said Helen, "but he e changed his mind and decided that he'd better not."

"Why, I am really disappointed." said Mr. Davis, "I thought we should have a little family party, I haven't seen Arthur for a month.

said Helen; "that's what he told me anyway." She did not want her father to have any idea of the true reason or to ask any inconvenient questions, Mr Davis would perhaps have done mind. "By the way, Helen," he said,

'I must ask you, what in the world was that fearful noise you were mak-

"Noise?" asked Helen, puzzled for a

"Why, yes; I met old Mr. Nelson coming down the street, and he said that you were making a most dreadful racket upon the plane, and shouting, too, and that there were a dozen people standing in the street, staring." A sudden wild thought occurred to Helen, and she whirled about. Sure enough she found the two windows of the room wide open, and that was too much for her gravity; she flung herself upon the sofa and gave vent to peal after peal of laughter. "Oh, Daddy!" she gasped. "Oh,

Mr. Davis did not understand the joke, but he waited patiently, taking off his gloves in the meantime, "What

is it, Helen?" he inquired.
"Oh, Daddy!" exclaimed the girl again, and lifted berself up and turnher laughing eyes upon him. 'And now I understand why inspired people have to live in the country!" What was it. Helen?"

"It-it wasn't anything, Daddy, ex-

not know what to think was the mat-

Helen made a wry face at the name: the Nelsons were a family of Methodists who lived across the way. Methodists are people who take life seriously, as a rule, and Helen thought the Nelsons were very queer indeed.

"I'll bet he did know what to think, chuckled, "even if he didn't say it; he thought that was just what to xpect from a clergyman who had a decanter of wine on his dinner table." Mr. Davis could not help smiling And as for Helen, she was herself all over again; for when her father had come in she had about reached a point where she could no longer bear to be serious and unhappy. As he went or to ask her to be a little less reckless Helen put her arms around him and said, with the solemnity that she al-

ways wore when she was gayest: "But, Daddy, I don't know what I'm to do; you sent me to Germany to study music, and if I'm never to play

"Yes, but, Helen, such frantie

But, Daddy, the Germans are emo tional people, you know; no one w in Germany; it was a hymn, ibiddy! "A hymn," gasped Mr. Davis.

"Yes, honestly," said Helen, "It is a wonderful hymn. Every German

knows it nearly by heart, Mr. Davis had as much knowledge of German music as might be exper ed of one who had lived twenty year in the country and heard three hymand an anthem sung every Sunday 1 a volunteer choir. Helen's music had been superintended by Aunt Poand the onyl idea that came to M Davis' mind was Wagner, whose nan connection with noise and incohe

"Helen," he said, "I trust that not the kind of hymn you are goin-

to sing tomorrow,"
"I don't know," was the puzzled re-It's dreadfully hard to find anything t practical lives that we dull Yankes to the girl, and she ran to the plan with a gleeful laugh: "Just see, for instance," she said, fumbling hurried ly among her music, "I was play! 'Moonlight Sonata' this morning and that's a good instance."

"This is the kind of moonlight the have in Germany," she laughed, whe few discords of her own she starte recklessly into the incomprehensible presto," thundering away at ever rescende as if to break her fingers Isu't it fine, Daddy?" she cried, gaz ng over her shoulder.

I don't see what it has to do with he moon," said the clergyman, gazing elplessly at the open window and won dering if another crowd was gathering. "That's what everybody's been tryin

to find out!" said Helen. Then, as a heard the dinner bell out in the ha she ended with half a dozen franas, and, jumping up with the of them, took her father's arm and danced out of the room with him.

"Perhaps when we come to see the 'we may discover all about it. Or elit's because the moon is supposed set people crazy." So they passed to dinner, where Helen was as anima ed as ever, poor Arthur and hi troubles seeming to have vanish

In fact, it was not until the meal was nearly over that she spoke of then again; she noticed that it was growle dark outside, and she stepped to the under was heard.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "There a fearful storm coming, and poor Ar thur is out in it; he must be a long way from town by this time, and ther the window where she stood she to town, and could see the black clouds coming swiftly on. "It is like we were imagining this morning," she muse "I wonder ifhe will think of it?

The dinner was over soon after that and she looked out again just as the first drops of rain were falling; th thunder was rolling louder, bringing to Helen a faint echo of her morning music. She went in and sat down a the plane, her fingers reaming over the keys hesitatingly. "I wish I could get it again," she mused. "It seems like a dream, when I think of it-it was so remember that march! There came a crash of thunder near

by, as if to help her, but Helen found that all efforts were in vain. Neithe



With rout raients, Your Education, there is Almost Nothing That You Might Not Do."

cept that I was playing and singing the storm music nor the march came for Arthur, and I forgot to close the back to her, and even when she played

"You must remember, my love, that you live in a clergyman's house,' said Mr. Davis. "I have no objection to merriment, but it must be within back to her, and even when she played a few chords of the great chorus she had sung it sounded tame and com monplace. Helen knew that the glor, (Continued on Eleventh Page.)

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of her passion might not be lost. The THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE